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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH SPEED AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

FOR THE DEMOCRAT.

VOICES OF THE PAST.

Oh Memory! thou Waker of the Dead!
How will some gentle touch thy chords awake
To breathe forth plaintive melodies!

One glorious day,
I had laid down my weary frame within
A lonely room, to seek refreshing sleep;
But nerves and brain, excited, would not yield
Their feverish play, to the soft soothing power
Of the mild angel, and I listening lay
To every sound that rose.

Hark! 'tis the tread
Of little feet, as the light-hearted child
Runs gladly out at the paternal call
To meet its doating Father. Ah! it seems
But yesterday I was a little child,
And frisked about as gaily as the lambs,
My little play-mates, with my sister dear,
Around my Father's foot-steps; and he smiled
To see our joy, when the young lambs would eat
From out our hand, or when he bid us come
And listen at the hay-mow to the sound
Of the first, early chickens, as the hen
Would strive to still them, little downy heads
Come peeping out beneath the mother's wing
To see the outer world. And when we walked
Beneath the apple-boughs, in the soft grass,
And gathered violets, a fragrant bunch
To take to Mother, would point out to us
Their delicate tints, and tell us of the Power,
The glorious Power, who made their varied forms,
Who filled the air with the delicious sweet
From apple-blossoms, bid the hair-bird secure
Its curious nest, the red-breast's cheerful notes
Sound near the boughs, until our little hearts
Swelled full of wonder, full of gratitude
To that good, glorious Power, who made the world
So wonderfully lovely.

Have I been dreaming? have my senses slept,
While fancy led me thro' long varied years
In a few moments? No, it is no dream.
Long years, long years have indeed passed since then.
I've seen those cherished Sisters stricken down
By stern disease; one lovely one, with heart
Just opening to the witcheries of the world,
After two days of suffering, yielded back
Her soul to Him, who gave it; and before
The grave was closed above her head, I heard
Her darling sister's long, thick breath, and knew
By my ached, choking heart, this, too, was death.
And now, yes, it is two my Father's form
Is laid to rest beside them. All three sleep
Near the green hillock, where "the stars look down
With kindling eyes," and the fresh, summer breeze
Waves the tall grass, and fans the clover sweet,
And the forget-me-not, his favorite flower
That blooms around their graves.

Where am I? This lone room,
The red sun gleaming thro' the curtained glass,
Can this be mine, my little chamber, where
The moon looked in so calmly; where I sat
Beside the window, when the day was past,
Its cares, and toils, and looked upon the stars
Resting so tranquilly above the brow
Of the majestic mountain, while its base
Was encircled by the silvery fog, that rose
From the clear brooklet flowing at its foot,
With the calm plain below; while my hot brow
Was cooled by the fresh mountain breeze, my heart
Hushed its wild beatings, and my soul drank in
Tranquility from all its joys, and woes,
From the calm scene around; and thus I spent
An hour in which the world could have no part!

I do not hear
The roaring of the brook, or the deep wood
Rush thro' the forest tops; no, 'tis the shouts
Of boys at play, the ringing anvil's sound,
And screeking files, and rumbling of the wheels,
With such a strange, wild noise rings thro' my brain.
No 'tis not home!

Yet the birds sing; I hear the robin's notes
Sounding as cheerily as e'er of yore.
And soon the earth will wear its soft, green robe,
The poplar-tree unfold its trembling leaves,
The cherry its white blossoms, and the flowers
Of varied dyes, breathe perfume on the air.
Ungrateful heart! how can you murmur, when
The Earth is made so beautiful, the Sky
So glorious, and the great Power

April 18th, 1845.

A POINTED REPLY.—A Spanish Archbishop
having a dispute with an opulent Duke, who said
with scorn, "What are you? your titles and
your revenues are only for your life," answered
with emphatic truth, "And for how many lives
does your grace hold yours?"

POPULAR TALES.

THE COQUETTE.

A TALE OF THE WORLD.

Chapter I.

MRS. CHETWYND'S DRAWING-ROOM.

"My child," said Mrs. Chetwynd to her lovely daughter, as they were both seated in that lady's luxuriously furnished drawing-room, in one of the most fashionable streets of London, "do, for one moment, attend to me; I wish to speak seriously to you of your present condition. Whilst I live, all will be well, but when I die you will be destitute—absolutely destitute. I have, as you well know, only a life interest in your poor father's estate, and instead of having saved something out of my income for your future maintenance, I have always been unable to make it, and now I am deeply in debt. Had Heaven blessed me with a son, this economy would have been unnecessary, but as it is, your cousin Crammer got every thing there was to leave, and you nothing. Do then, dear Emilia, make up your mind, whilst the opportunity is allowed you, to procure for yourself a good husband, and a comfortable home. You are pretty well educated, and with pleasing manners. You are, or rather have been the fashion; and had you chosen, you might long before this have been a happy and envied wife."

"Happy, mother," interrupted the daughter, as she raised her fair head from her embroidery frame; "happy! what with that odious and horrid Mr. Smith, or that no less disgusting Sir John Beaumaris?"

"And why not," resumed Mrs. Chetwynd, gravely; "Mr. Smith, as far as I know—and for weeks he was here almost daily—was anything but odious and horrid. His person was good—his manners, though rather unformed, were not vulgar—his estate was far greater than you could have any pretensions to share, and—"

"His name, too, was so pleasant," added the daughter.

"I have yet to learn, Emilia," resumed the other, "that having a common or ugly name, is a sufficient reason for refusing an agreeable man. Name! oh, my child, be not so thoughtless. But Sir John, his name surely was good enough for you, and his rank sufficiently high; what can you allege against him?"

"Oh, a thousand things. In the first place, is he not old enough to be my father?"

"Hardly," he, I think, Emilia, was thirty-eight and you are one and twenty."

"But he was grave enough and cross enough; and oh, mother, I would rather die an old maid than marry such a man. No, my husband must be far different from either Mr. Smith or Sir John Beaumaris. Let me see he must be young, handsome, agreeable, travelled, rich, and talented; must have a good house in town, (not a box like this,) a villa at Richmond, a mansion in the country, and an old castle in Scotland; then his name must be a good one, his family high, and his descent noble. I should prefer a peer of course, but I should not, I think, on reflection, refuse such a man even though he were a commoner; and now, mamma, you know what your future son-in-law is to be!"

"Nay—nay," was the answer, "such a one you will never gain. But, child, I foresee your doom—no, no, child, destined to wear out life as a companion to some cross and tyrannical woman; hated by your inferiors, scorned by your employers, and tormented with the constant reflection, that had you taken your parent's advice you lot, instead of being thus miserable, would have been most happy. You think me wrong, now, Emilia, but the time will soon come, when you will bitterly remember this conversation."

And the tears came in the affectionate, though imprudent mother's eyes, as she thus sketched her darling daughter's future fate.

But that daughter would not believe her assertions, would take no heed of her warnings, and blinded by her own foolishness and vanity of heart, persisted in believing that ere long she should, by a brilliant marriage, falsify her tiresome mother's gloomy predictions.

A certain Lady St. Philip now entered the apartment, and, in the gossip of the day, their previous conversation was soon forgotten, at least by the beautiful, scheming, and heartless girl.

Chapter II.

THOUGHTS AT THE TOILET.

As Emilia sat at her toilet that night, the words of her mother again recurred to her.

"But impossible," she murmured, as she surveyed her lovely features in the bright mirror before her. Is it possible that such can be my destined fate?—Am I really to die an old maid?—no, no; this speaking glass tells me otherwise, and the world, whenever I enter its charmed circles, unless it flatters me too greatly, assures me that I have only to ask, and I shall have immediately. A companion! horrible idea. I remember last summer old Lady Helmenie's telling me all about the miseries and torments she had to endure, in seeking for a companion, and she, I can easily imagine, could inflict as well as receive all her

There was poor Miss Sayer, too, she

and get him to the point. Let me see, who is it that

thinks amongst them who possesses all the re-

quisites I asked for this morning—the Duke of

Glenmorris; ah, he is too high a prize for me;

besides, he was offended last week with me, be-

cause I laughed at his fine speeches. Lord Vil-

lehapton! hum—I could not object to him, but

I have no chance there. Sir Peter Penmuir! he

is a blockhead; besides, I am not sure that

he has a villa, and a villa I will have. Sir Claude

Gremorne! ah, he is a darling, but then he is so

dissipated; besides, he is a coxcomb, and always

seems to think that every one is dying for him,

and such a man I cannot bear. Well, who is

there left? Only, I protest, Colonel Fitz Spencer,

and poor Mr. Clanwilliam; and one of those

two it must be, and now which?—The Colonel

has an uncle a baronet, and if by any lucky

chance his two gawky sons should die then after

the old man is gone, the Colonel would be Sir

Henry. Now, I have no objection to him; he

is not very good looking to be sure; but then I

believe mamma was almost right in what she

said, and I must not expect too much. And last-

ly, this Mr. Clanwilliam; what can I say for

him? Which is the better prize of the two? Both, I think, are about equal, and so I will

leave it to chance to decide. To-night I shall

know, meet them both, and it shall not be my

fault if one of them, at least, does not before

long pop the question."

Thus far had she thought, when her maid's

question as to whether 'she would wear the blue

crave or the primrose satin,' effectually changed

the current of her ideas, and she was soon busily

engaged in the mysteries of the toilet.

Chapter III.

THE TWO LOVERS.

And so she went and met them; but alas! for

her hopes, neither that night, in spite of all her

attractions (and to tell the truth, she had never

looked more beautiful,) nor in the course of the

next few months, could she draw a declaration

from either of the two gentlemen. Both seemed

suddenly to have grown prudent and cold and

both evidently cared but little for all her charms.

For the Colonel there was, however, some

slight hope remaining, for if he did not show her

much affection, yet he testified none to any other

woman; but for Mr. Clanwilliam, all hope was

now over, for he had openly joined in the ad-

mirations of a new and most lovely belle, and

if report spoke true, deeply smitten with the fair

beauty.

In the meantime the season passed away—the

last ball of the season was danced—the last din-

ner eaten—the last scandal discussed—and peo-

ple only waited for Parliament's breaking up, to

betake themselves to the country and all its at-

tractions; and still nothing was done in the way

of procuring a husband for Emilia.

Mrs. Chetwynd talked on, but her daughter

paid no attention to her discourse, and when at

last they left London to pay a visit to the hospi-

table house of an old friend at S—, it was with

a sinking heart and a sad apprehension, that the

former thought upon her declining health, and

of the rapidly approaching time when her thought-

less child must be left alone to bear the scorn

and hatred of a world that hath no compassion

for poverty or want, and that only loveth wealth,

and rank, and station.

Chapter IV.

THE LAST CHANCE.

Still there was a chance: for amongst the

many guests whom they met at S—, was the

same Sir John Beaumaris whom Emilia had re-

fused with so much scorn the year before; and

still willing, too, he appeared to forget all her

former coldness, and again to ask her to be his

richly portioned wife. And after many long and

serious discourses on the subject the foolish girl

was actually nearly persuaded that it would be

advisable for her to give the baronet that encour-

agement which she well knew would be all he

wanted to enable him to propose again, when

unluckily, (or should we not say luckily?) Col-

onel Fitz Spencer, suddenly appeared again up-

on the stage—and henceforth the baronet's doom

was fixed.

What! marry him? when she could have the

charming Fitz Spencer, only by a little exertion

on her part? No, never! And in spite of all

her mother's admonitions, she at once, and with-

out ceremony, made the truth evident to Sir John

—and he, as he well might be, disgusted with

her conduct, soon left her to her fate; and with-

in a very short time married a girl, who, though

not beautiful, and a belle, was yet modest, amia-

ble, and affectionate.

It almost seemed as though the Colonel read

the secrets of the coquette's heart, for he con-

tinued to lure her on as long as the baronet re-

mained; but as soon as ever he was gone his at-

tentions became less frequent, his manners grew

colder, and she was very soon convinced that all

her hopes from that quarter were in vain.

And thus the six-weeks of their visit passed a-

way. At the end of that time they left S—

for the house of another friend, where unfortu-

nately there were no beaux for Emilia to capti-

vate; and Christmas saw them once more in Bar-

ket street.

Mrs. Chetwynd day by day grew weaker, and

was now assured that her time on earth was very

short; whilst the sad knowledge that at her

death her daughter would be quite destitute, af-

fected her body as well as her mind—and ren-

dered her less than ever capable of resisting the

attacks of her insidious disease.

But Emilia, what said she? Was she sorry for

the loss of Sir John; and disappointed at the

partings with another? Probably not; she was,

though she would never own it, as she was, though

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for their crime in after life is, and most be evi-

dent.

And now, at the age of thirty-eight, behold

her—as fulfilling the repugnant office of "com-

panion." Worse, far worse off than a servant,

she has to bear with all the bad temper of her

employer; is always expected to be useful to her

—nay, is commanded to amuse her. She has no

time of her own; she is allowed to express no

wish contrary to Mrs. Bellew's likings or disli-

kings; is at any hour liable to be turned off

without warning; and finally, should she ever

struggle on till Mrs. Bellew's death—then, when

that event takes place (and it cannot be long) she

will once more have to seek her bread, and once

more have to accommodate herself to the habits

and wishes of her next employer.

Pity her we may; but we cannot in our hearts

say that her lot is undeserved; and however

much we may be tempted to exclaim against her

punishment, yet must we remember that all these

things were foretold her by her mother; and that,

had she chosen, she could have avoided them all,

and now have been a happy and beloved wife.

THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

Sir William Howe, having in vain attempted to

entice or provoke General Washington to en-

gagement, had, in June, retired with his army

from the Jerseys to Staten Island. After keep-

ing the American general in long and perplex-

ing suspense concerning his intended operations,

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